

Time Shifting

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-07 00:00:01

Updated: 2014-06-10 03:27:14

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:00:54

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 8,255

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Avalon has no interest in believing in dragons. But when her mythology teacher gifts her with a mysterious pendant, her world gets turned upside down. After shifting through time, she learns that dragons DID exist. But how will she get home? (Rated T, but might turn into M, because I'm paranoid.

1. Chapter 1

_**Disclaimer: **I don't own How To Train Your Dragon! All credit goes to Dreamworks for making such a fantastic movie! _

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><p>The door slowly opened to the classroom of 206 and the first thing Avalon saw on the board was a overgrown reptile on the board with wings and a webbed tail. She groaned and rubbed her forehead. Mythology class was the oneshe always enjoyed, but not when the dragons got ripped out of the textbooks. They are the worst theory ever known to man.<p>

Avalon groaned and rubbed her forehead. "Ava!" Someone said from across the classroom. Avalon looked up and saw her best friend, Mikie, or Mikaela. A smile braced Avalon's lips as she maneuvered through the desks to the back of the classroom where Mikie was saving a seat for her.

"Hiya, Mikie." Avalon slid into the seat and pushed her rectangle framed glasses higher up on the bridge of her nose. Mikie smirked slightly and slid something onto her desk. Avalon looked at the folded up paper and started to twirl the square in her fingers. "What's this?"

"Open it!" Mikie piped up after eagerly waiting for a response. "Okay, okay!" Avalon held up her hands and unfolded the paper, reading Mikie's neat cursive on the page.

"_Meet me in the park. Something big has happened." _Was all it said. She took a glance at Mikie who was blushing and nodding like a lunatic. All Avalon could do was nod in response to her super hyper friend. "OK, calm down," She said, reaching out and putting her hand on Mikie's neck.

"You'll get whiplash." The girl finally stopped nodding and the bell rang. They're teacher scrambled in, papers sticking out of his briefcase, half of his shirt only tucked in and his auburn hair a total mess. Avalon rolled her eyes. "Typical Mr. Haddens." She mumbled and began to reach in her bookbag.

"Good afternoon, students! Hope you all had a productive weekend," Mr. Haddens said. They all moaned and mumbled a response. Avalon finished digging through her junk and finally pulled out her camera, carefully flipping it open and began to record the class.

"Today is all about dragons!" He began. "Dragons are the biggest mystery to mythology. Do they exist? Are there really giant lizards with tails? Are they able to be trained? Well, we'll find that out, won't we? Now direct your attention to-" He stopped and looked at the camera on Avalon's desk.

"Avalon," He scolded. She smirked before looking up. "What?" She asked in an innocent tone. "What have I told you about filming in class?"

"Only do it when you aren't looking?" She said with a smirk, making the entire class laugh. "No," Haddens snapped. "I told you to never pull that camera out." Avalon groaned and snapped the camera closed, slipping it back into her bag. "Killjoy." She muttered. Though Haddens heard it. "I know. It's why I'm a teacher."

Avalon simply sighed and put her chin on the desk, sitting through his mind-numbing lecture about dragons. Haddens pulled down the -what used to be- map and it had a picture of a chinese dragon on the front, the body parts marked and named. Dragons. Everyone liked the subject, but Avalon. She thought it was completely preposterous.

"Now, we all perceive dragons to just be giant lizards with wings, right?" Haddens started and everyone mumbled in response. "But there actually can be evidence that links us back thousands of years in the past." He pulled up the map and headed to the projector, turning it on. On the screens was a picture of a dragon's skeleton. It had a pretty small body, because of it's small wings, and a little head.

Avalon groaned. "Oh, please..." She couldn't help but mumble to herself as she pretended to be interested in her nails covered in black nail polish. The lectures continued on for a good half an hour before Haddens finally shut the projector off. "Now, as your project, I want you all to create your very own dragon species and create a chart, which you will be presenting to the class." Everyone groaned.

"Now, now, I don't wanna hear it." Haddens said flatly and walked behind his desk, picking up a stack of papers. "Now, I've graded all of your tests on life in Viking time, some did well and some did..."

Less so." He began to pass out the papers and Avalon looked at her grade. "F" sat at the top of her test. And underneath the letter, the words sat, "See me after class" made her gulp.

How much trouble could she be in though? It's just one test... She waited patiently for the bell to ring and she was left sitting at her desk as everyone bolted out. But Mikie stayed back for a second.

"Hey, you gonna be alright?" She asked Avalon. "Huh?" Avalon finally looked up from her little daydream and tried to remember what Mikie just said. "Oh! Totally, don't worry 'bout me." She gave a forced smile to her friend which she picked up on and nodded, picking up her bag and walking out of the classroom.

Avalon just sat there... Her pencil repeatedly hitting the desk. She waited patiently as Mr. Haddens walked up to her slowly, running a hand through his mess of shaggy hair. "Ms. Avalon," He grabbed a chair and sat himself in front of her desk. Avalon sighed slowly. "Yes, Mr. Haddens?"

"I want to talk to you about the recent subjects." He said and reached for her test paper. "Never in my life have I seen someone get a lower grade than you. And the idea of dragons seem to disgust you... Why is that?" Haddens put the paper back down and Avalon rubbed the back of her neck awkwardly. "Well, Mr. Haddens... I find the idea of Vikings and Dragons to be just a preposterous theory. There was never hardcore evidence that dragons ever existed, and even if they did, that must've been a brave lizard and a dinosaur." She tried to make a joke. Haddens laughed half heartedly and then sighed again.

"Avalon, I want to give you something..." He stood up and headed for the door, closing it and locking it. Avalon's heart stopped and she gulped. Why did he need to lock the door?

"C'mere." He went behind his desk and Avalon slowly stood up, going up to the front of the room. She approached behind his desk and he opened his desk drawer. "OK, Avalon..." He pulled out a black velvet box that seemed pretty large. "What is it?" Avalon asked Haddens.

"It's... Something that has been passed down in my family for... A very long time." Haddens opened the box and inside of it sat a golden necklace in the shape of a very beautiful dragon. It had large wings and a tail with fins but instead of both of the fins being gold, one of them was silver. Avalon gasped. "It's beautiful... Is it real?" She asked him.

Haddens nodded and slowly took it out of the box. "Oh yes. Very, very real." He held it out and she turned around to let him put it around her neck. Avalon held her hair up and Haddens quickly put it on her. She held the pendant in her fingers and blushed a deep crimson. "You're giving this to me?" She asked him.

Haddens nodded. "This is yours. But you have to promise me that you will take care of it. And... I'm giving you a week to study, and you will take that test again." He said to her. Avalon nodded. "This is amazing... What's this though?" She inspected the dragon pendant a little closer, looking at the wings. There seemed to be special iron

flakes in it. "That's a special made iron. It's apart of something that was very old in my family. Take good care of it..." He put the box in her hands and she couldn't help but smile wide.

"I promise I will Mr. Haddens!" And with that, she ran out the door, zipping up her jacket to keep her new necklace safe.

Avalon made it to the park and she saw Mikie on the swings. Avalon smirked and sat down next to her in the swing. "OK, what's the big deal, Mikie?"

"Guess where I'm going tomorrow?!" She said, kicking her feet back and forth like a child. Avalon couldn't help herself as she came up with a funny retort, "Uhm... St. Elizabeth's Hospital?"

Mikie passed her a look that read "Seriously?" with a signature smirk that Avalon had gotten so used to seeing.

"You're funny," Mikie responded and let out a chuckle.

"I'm serious!"

"And I'm talking! Shut up," Mikie held up her hand to Avalon's face and she snapped her jaws at Mikie's fingers, which quickly retreated to the chains connecting her to the swing's seat.

"I'm going to..."

"Dramatic pause..." Avalon giggled at her input before Mikie shouted out at the top of her lungs,

"_Alaska_!"

Avalon covered her ears at Mikie's loud shriek and stared at her friend as she began to jump up and down on the ground, her hands making bird motions and her hair bouncing up and down with every jump as if she was trying to take off.

To say Avalon was shocked was an understatement. They had always spoken about going to Alaska to see it in person, to see all of the rich culture, the beautiful white mountains and most of all, Aurora Borealis. That was their dream, to be on the highest mountains and spend the entirety of their time gazing at the darkened skies that danced with the colorful lights of Aurora Borealis.

Avalon's heart started thumping as she jumped out of the swing. "Are you serious?!" She shouted.

Mikie started nodding vigorously as she grabbed Avalon's hands and began to jump up and down with her, swinging both of their arms back and forth and laughing loudly.

"Oh Ava, its what we've always wanted! To see the Northern Lights, in person!" Mikie said, hugging her friend as they both started laughing like maniacs. But then something in Avalon made her heart sink.

"Wait... You said you're going... That means I'm not," She said, looking down at her feet and all happiness left her face. Mikie stopped jumping and smiling all together.

"Oh Ava... I'm so sorry," She said, pulling Avalon into a hug and stroking her soft and silky hair as she sighed.

"If there was another plane ticket, I would definitely take you..." Avalon's heart felt like it was in her stomach. How could her best friend live their dream without her? It wasn't her fault, that Avalon knew. But it just seemed very unfair.

"I promise we'll keep in touch and I'll be back in three weeks," Mikie said, pulling back as she saw tears in Avalon's eyes.

"I'm gonna miss you, Mikie," She sniffled as

Mikie laughed. "You've always been the sensitive one, huh?"

"Yeah, and you've always been the one living young and reckless!"

"Damn straight." They both shared a laugh and said their goodbyes before it was time for both of them to depart in different directions.

Avalon wiped her eyes free from tears as she headed up her stairs of her front porch and opened the white front door, closing it behind her lazily as the familiar smell of coffee and peppermint. She smiled and set her bag down near the door and took off her shoes.

"Ava!" She heard a shout from upstairs and her ears began to ring. "Mom?!" She shouted back, confused.

"Ava!" Her mother shouted again.

"Mom?!" She shouted again.

"Ava?!"

"Mom!"

Now they were both confused and Avalon ran up the stairs and found her mother in her bedroom, folding up her blankets and sheets, putting them on the shelf in her closet. Avalon smirked and leaned against the doorframe and flipped her black bangs with pink streaks out of her hair and just sighed with content.

Her mother turned to look at her and smiled. "How was school today, honey?" She asked simply, her golden necklace that had her first initial, "J" for Jenna, shining as it hit the light coming through the window.

Avalon shrugged. "It was OK, I guess. I got an F on my Viking test though." She said, dropping the test on her bed and sitting down in the chair next to her desk with her laptop and other cameras.

Jenna gaped at her daughter and picked up the test, looking it over. "Oh, sweetie... I thought you were so good at Mythology! How did you fail this test?" She questioned Avalon who rubbed her forehead.

"I don't know, mom... But I'm taking the test again in a week. You shouldn't worry so much," Avalon said, smiling a little. Her mother

smirked and put the test down walking up behind her as she opened her computer and logged on.

"I do worry, sweetheart. Your future is important to me." Jenna stated and rubbed her neck slightly. Just then, Avalon burst and spilled out the words like it was bile in her throat, "Mikie's leaving."

Her mother froze and cleared her throat awkwardly. It was as if she knew exactly where she was going.

It made Avalon's mind start swimming with questions to ask. Why she couldn't go with her? Why did Mikie have to leave now? Why was she leaving in the first place?

But she decided to not voice her opinions and just kept quiet as she stared at her home screen blankly and tapped her fingers on the desk. Jenna remained silent as she removed her hands from her daughter's shoulders and sighed.

"Where is she going?" Jenna broke the silence and Avalon had a response immediately.

"Alaska. I don't know why she's going either. I think she's leaving tonight, but I can't be sure. It isn't worth looking into either." Her eyes filled up with tears again but she quickly wiped them away and sniffled. Her mother's eyes turned a dull color as well as she headed for the door.

"I'm... Gonna get dinner started, honey. Tell me if you need anything." Avalon nodded as Jenna closed the door. A few minutes went by and now Avalon was staring at her screen saver. A series of colorful pipes, twisting and turning every different direction shined bright on the screen.

Avalon put her head down on her hands that lay on her desk and heard the clock ticking on her wall with every passing second. And with every passing second, her eyes started getting heavier, and soon, she fell asleep on her desk, with the sound of the clock pushing her further into the state of deep sleep.

Tick, Tick, Tick... Tick... Tick... Tick

2. Chapter 2

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* * *

><p>The blackness seemed to surround Avalon in a circle. The darkness must've held its own secrets of some sort, but all she searched for was light. "Hello?" She called as it echoed in the dark.

_Her heart raced as she heard a very low and deep growl in the distance. She turned around every which way but saw nothing. Everything to her was spinning and she couldn't grab a hold of anything as it seemed to spiral out of her control. Everything was

pitch black, and that meant anything could sneak up on her and murder her. _

_Avalon nearly screamed as she felt something brush against her ankle. It felt like scales. _

_Her heart started to pound in her chest like a hammer on wood. Avalon spun in circles several times, ready to spot the scaly creature that scared her out of her wits. But she could see nothing in the dark. Whatever was hiding, it had to be able to blend with the night. _

_Avalon finally gave out a short and little shriek as she felt hot air on the back of her neck. Avalon whirled around but was met with darkness again. Now her fear level broke the sound barrier and she started to shiver. _

"_Who's there?" She yelled. Only silence. _

"_Come out!" Avalon backed up again but she tripped over something very long and scaly. She could make it out... It was a tail.

_

_Avalon shrieked and tumbled backwards, her feet kicking violently as she did so but then her back met something. Avalon began to shake in fear as she looked up and was met with terrifying toxic green eyes, slit like a cat's. _

_A very loud hiss followed behind and before she knew it, she was being bitten by rows of very sharp teeth with a loud shriek from the creature. And right when it bit down on her neck--

~XXX~

Avalon shot straight up as her heart started pounding and her face covered in sweat. She heard the familiar ticking of a clock and the smell of coffee and peppermint made her calm herself down, realizing she was home.

"It was just a dream, Avalon... You're fine." She told herself as she rubbed her forehead and then her neck. That's when she screamed in pain and pulled her hand away, seeing blood. Her heart started pounding as she ran to the bathroom across the hall and took off her shirt, staring at her neck in the mirror.

On her neck were teeth marks. Several puncture wounds have made their way into her skin as small trails of blood fell down and onto her simple black bra. Avalon's stomach seemed to tighten as she carefully touched the teeth marks but pulled her hand away.

Just as she was about to wipe the blood off, there was a knock on the door. "Avalon?"

Her mother's voice echoed through the door and she slammed herself against the door, locking it. "Mom?" Avalon said in a weak voice. "Are you alright, honey?" Jenna asked softly.

"I-I'm fine, mom! I'll be down in a minute!" She said, her voice cracking with every word as her mom uttered a "Okay, sweetheart." And stepped down the stairs.

Avalon began to draw warm water and wet a wash cloth as she plugged up the sink and dipped the cloth in it, still looking at the marks. Just as she was about to wash the blood away, she took off her necklace that had blood on the chain, and placed it next to the sink carefully.

Once the cloth touched her skin, Avalon stuffed her hand in her mouth and started panting as she wiped the blood away. Tears slid down her cheeks as the wound began to throb tremendously.

Avalon continued holding the wet cloth there as she dug around underneath the sink and pulled out gos pads and tape. She unwrapped a large gos pad with her teeth and removed the cloth quickly, replacing it with the pad and holding that down. She ripped some surgical tape with her teeth gently and began to tape it down carefully. Avalon dropped the now blood soaked rag and panted, staring at herself in the mirror.

"That wasn't a dream..." She muttered and left the bathroom, heading for her room quietly. Avalon dug through her dresser and pulled out a black turtleneck, slipping that on carefully making sure it covered her wounds.

Avalon scampered downstairs and headed for the kitchen where her mother was setting the table with food on the plates. The smell of well seasoned steak and homemade crinkle cut fries hit her nose and she moaned with delight, her mouth now starting to water.

"Oh, I love steak..." Avalon sat down at the table and smiled wide as her mother sat down next to her.

"Well, you seem to be alright." Jenna said, putting her hand to Avalon's forehead. "What's with the melodrama?" Avalon said, pushing her hand away. Jenna sighed.

"You feel really clammy, honey. Are you alright?" She asked as Avalon shrugged. "I feel fine."

Avalon was lying through her teeth, but she didn't want to tell her mother the truth. How would she explain giant bite marks on her neck that she got from a terrifying nightmare? Avalon's heart pounded in her chest and she felt a little queasy, but quickly pushed them away so she could eat her dinner.

They ate in silence, which was not the way that they usually did dinner. Avalon brought a hand to her aching neck and gently rubbed it before flinching. Jenna looked at her strangely and Avalon shoved the last piece of cut up steak in her mouth and pushed the plate away.

"May I be excused?" She asked her mother. Jenna gave her a slight nod as she stood up and headed upstairs back to the bathroom to clean off the necklace chain still covered in blood. Avalon gently pulled out a bottle of rubbing alcohol and cotton swabs. She dipped the cotton swab in the bottle and began to rub the blood off of the necklace.

It came off quickly and she washed off the smell of rubbing alcohol and fastened the necklace back on around her neck, hiding it under

her shirt and behind her collar.

Avalon's mind started to get heavy as time went on and she stared in the mirror at her reflection.

Her pale skin tone highlighted her light, light blue eyes that seemed to pierce your soul when she wore black eye liner. Her long black hair with hot pink streaks every which way, which she had to beg her mom to let her get. And now she can't see her neck, due to the new wounds that have been made by a psychotic dream. Her brain was pushed into overdrive as she just thought of it.

She slammed her hand on the counter and sighed heavily. After several minutes of staring into the sink filled with bloody water, she drained it and turned off the lights in the room.

A long walk down the halls to her bedroom proved that she was more tired than she figured. Heading into her bedroom, she quickly logged off her laptop and closed the lid as she starting taking the batteries out of her cameras and began charging them in the wall outlets. The several cameras she owned were digital and video. They were the last gifts from her father before the horrible day he left her.

But she pushed her thoughts aside and turned off her lamp, crawling under the covers and punching her pillow before putting her face in it. The minutes went by and she was out like a light.

~XXX~

The next day was harder than Avalon expected. Her first class was a total drag, as Chemistry usually is. Ms. Jokanski went on and on about metal elements, which is basically most of the elements. Her mind was throbbing by the time she finished the color lecture.

Next was gym class. Forced to run a mile around the track was bad enough, but luckily she was finished first, which meant she was the first one to the water fountains. It gave her a few minutes by herself and let her think a little about what she was gonna say when Mikie got back from Alaska.

And then? Math class. Avalon has never been good at math so she just stared out the window for the whole class, her eyes getting heavier and heavier with every passing minute.

Avalon never thought she would be happy to get to Mythology class. But when she saw a certain seat in the back of the room vacant, her heart sank. She sat down in the back of the room and stared at the surface of her desk for several minutes before the bell rang. Everyone in the class was sitting on desks, talking, or texting.

Mr. Haddens came in the class and closed the door. "Everyone take your seats and put your phones up. If I see a phone, I'll make you stand in the front of the class and read every single text you sent to that person that was, oh so more important than my teachings." He threatened. That made everyone put their phones up.

Avalon just sighed as she began to draw in her notebook. Mr. Haddens stood up from his desk and began his lecture about the 1400's and the first dragon ever discovered underground. Avalon wasn't listening.

She continued to draw in her notebook.

But her heart nearly stopped beating as she stared at her drawing. It was a dragon. But not just any dragon, it had razor sharp hook like teeth and horns traveling out of its head, spikes running down its spine and to its tail. The talons curved inward and were attached to its wings, which bent up as it was on the ground. Her mind froze and she dropped her pencil, staring at the drawing. Where had that come from? Why would she draw a dragon as preposterous as this one?

She slammed her notebook closed and covered her eyes, sighing heavily. She glanced up at the class, which payed her no mind as they stared at the board and watched Mr. Haddens draw out his thesis.

And just as Avalon was about to rub her very sore and throbbing neck, she heard a whisper. It spoke to her through the wind as it blew in from the window. _"Rider..."_

Her heart skipped a beat and she turned her head in several directions. But yet, she saw nothing. It was just like her dream last night, and it was giving her the creeps! She tried to block it out again, but it was hopeless. The voice struck her ears again. _"Avalon..."_

Avalon's breath got heavier and heavier as she closed her eyes and tried her best to block out the voice she could hear but it was pointless. That voice wasn't leaving. It was haunting her.

"_Believe... Believe in the Night Fury..."_ Avalon's mind tried processing those words, and they both meant nothing to her. "Night fury?" She said out loud in a hushed tone, only speaking to herself. Just then, the bell rang, snapping her out of her thoughts, and she closed her notebook, slipping it in her bag and grabbing her camera bag, full of several battery cartridges and all her cameras.

She heard a few people call out her name as she walked by, but she ignored them all, just wanting to leave the school and get home as fast as she could.

Avalon reared closer to the double doors that lead outside. But that's when she heard it again.

"_Avalon... The Night Fury..."_ Her heart pounded in her ears as she began to walk faster. Her eyes were darting back and forth, searching for the source of the voice, but it wasn't found. Only shouts from behind her by others. Not this voice.

"_He waits for you... It's time..."_ Her eyes got wide as she began a full run towards the door.

"Avalon!" Someone yelled from behind her, but it was completely disregarded as she continued to run.

"_It's time to meet the Night Fury. You're time has come!"_ After that sentence, there was a loud, and screeching roar in her ears and she hit the front of the metal door, slamming her hand on the bar as it unlatched and she stumbled outside, feeling cold rain strike her face.

Avalon had no time to worry about the weather as she pulled up her hood and broke into a sprint all the way home.

By the time she reached her front door, she was soaking wet. All she did was run upstairs, put her equipment down on the floor and strip off her wet clothes.

Avalon began to dig in her dresser and pull out new clothes which consisted of a black sweater and white sweatpants and a new pair of underwear and a white cotton bra.

After sorting out all of her clothes in her arms, she ran to the bathroom and slammed the door shut and made sure to lock it before turning on the shower. But before she went in, Avalon examined her cuts from last night. They were still bleeding quite profusely, and it was making her nauseous, but it was something Avalon would deal with.

She jumped into the steaming hot shower and it struck her wounds hard, shivers running down her spine in a very horrible way. The only thoughts in her mind was that voice. It was going to drive her insane.

Avalon pressed her hands to the front of the shower as the water pierced every sore muscle in her body. She hung her head low and panted.

"Get it together, Avalon... Its nothing but a voice..." She whimpered and grabbed her bottle of shampoo and squirted it into the palm of her hand and worked it into her hair and her scalp. The rythmic sound of water splashing about her ankles and feet was making her a little relaxed as the blood ran down her skin and making a red puddle in the water around her feet.

She rinsed the shampoo from her hair and turned the water off, jumping out of the shower and sighing deeply as she grabbed the black towel next to her on the rack and wrapped it around her body, heading for the mirror and drying her hair off with a separate towel and heading for the mirror to replace the bandages.

"This is going to be a very long night..."

3. Chapter 3

**Sorry for the short chapter, but I needed to get this one going!
**

I wanted her to shift through time already, I knew that was when it would get exciting! Hope you like it!

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* * *

><p>Avalon was definitely correct. It was a very, very long night. She spent hours at her computer, working on her presentation for her grand video project on child abuse. And in the after hours, she tried to make a small dent in her new project, assigned my Haddens. But got

nothing done.<p>

The whole thought of making her own dragon species was just completely silly. All she could do was fiddle with her necklace that was given to her by Haddens.

After about an hour of staring at the blank pages in her notebook, she stuffed them inside her desk drawers and shut down her laptop, packing up all of her equipment for tomorrow, sliding her cameras into their rightful pockets and packing extra batteries, putting her laptop in its bag and sliding the power cable inside.

After that, she folded up her tripod and placed it down next to her equipment before trying to get some sleep.

It seemed near impossible but she slowly slept through the night, no nightmares.

The next morning came with a very cold breeze. Like it always does after it rains. The after effects from the storm last night left a sweet smell in the air that Avalon always loved.

Her alarm clock went off and she slammed her fist on it with an angry growl, knocking it off the table and onto the floor. "Not yet..." She moaned.

"Avalon! Up time!" Her mother said, knocking on her door.

Avalon didn't respond right away and it made her agitated. "Avalon!" She banged this time.

"Alright! Alright, I'm up!" Avalon shouted and threw her shoe at her door that was next to her bed. With a very long yawn, she tossed the covers off of herself, feeling them fall to the floors.

The cold air struck her like a punch in the stomach but she sat up, nonetheless, stretching her sore limbs and swinging her legs over her bed and standing up, rubbing her neck as she did so and let out a heavy yawn. All she could think of was the heaviness she felt on her shoulders and in her head. It was such a long night.

But Avalon pushed those thoughts away as she crawled over to her dresser and pulled out new clothes for the day. Starting with a simple, black, long sleeved turtleneck with a white jean vest and white skinny jeans with black knee high converse.

She rushed to the mirror and began to brush her long black straight hair and run her fingers through its silkiness every few seconds before pulling it back in a high ponytail, her streaks looking closer together and sticking out more.

After putting down her brush, she underlined her eyes with black eyeliner and put faint brown eyeshadow on her lids before covering her lips in a simple clear gloss.

Avalon slipped her make up into her bag and stood up and pulled on her black jacket with a hood and grabbed her equipment, running down the stairs and into the dining room, where her mother waited for her with something to eat.

Avalon looked at the chocolate granola bar on the counter and smirked before peeling the wrapper away and nibbling on it.

"So, how did that Dragon project go?" Jenna asked. Avalon sighed. "Horrible. I couldn't think of anything."

Jenna patted her daughter on the head before smiling. "Don't worry, sweetie. You'll think of something."

"I hope you're right, mom." Avalon sighed. "I'd better go. See ya after school, mom." Avalon jumped up and threw the half eaten granola bar in the trash can before walking out, carrying the tripod in her arms and three separate bags on her shoulders.

Avalon barely got the door open by herself before she made her walk down the sidewalk and towards the school grounds.

And then it started again. That voice.

Avalon's walking began to get slower as she felt the cool air tickle her hands and cheeks before she heard a whisper in her ear. _"Time is up... You will come, Avalon." _Her heart thudded in her ears as she began to walk faster down the sidewalk.

"You're just a voice. Go away!"

"_It is time... Time to meet your destiny." _

Avalon looked up from the sidewalk and saw the skies beginning to blur... All the blue began to melt away as the skies became a dark gray... and then black. The background around her began fading away. The ground was now cracking around her.

"It isn't real... It isn't real!" Avalon shouted over and over again but when she looked back up, all she could see was the ground disappearing.

Bits and pieces of the ground around her began to crumble and fall into a black abyss below. The sound was like cracking on a wall.

Avalon could only stare as the circle of ground underneath her got gradually smaller with every passing second. And soon, it fell down.

Avalon began to plummet down into a black abyss, screaming for her life as she could only watch as her vision faded away and it all became black.

4. Chapter 4

_**Disclaimer: **I don't own How To Train Your Dragon! All credit goes to Dreamworks for making such a fantastic movie! _

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><p>Avalon heard birds tweeting around her. The cold and crisp air tickled what was tickling on the bare skin that could be seen. There was no heat to this air, that she knew. But why couldn't she see

anything?<p>

Avalon's eyes finally opened and she blinked a few times before rubbing the blur from her eyes as the dull morning light in the sky shined in her eyes. Avalon sucked in the cool crisp air and sat up before rubbing her sore neck.

It was then she realized she was in a cove. Avalon's head spun from side to side as she saw stone walls surrounding her and trees on the tops of the walls. Where was she?

"Ugh... Must've fallen..." For some reason, she doesn't remember how she got here. Avalon's head began to throb as she stood up and cracked her back carefully.

Then, she panicked.

"My stuff!" She shouted and ran to the side where she saw her bags. Avalon looked inside the bags and saw... Everything was in there and nothing was broken. Not even her tripod and tablet. It was very much confusing. And the worst part, now she was going to be late for school.

"My mom is gonna kill me." Avalon muttered and walked to the side of the cove, running her fingertips along the stone walls around her, wondering how in the world she was getting out of this.

But she couldn't help but admire the scenery as she shivered slightly. And just as she looked up, something cold struck her face.

Avalon stared at the skies as snow began to fall from the storm clouds. Avalon giggled to herself as the snow began making a white blanket on the ground. But then she panicked and picked up her equipment, rushing to the little cave and crawling inside, shivering.

The last thing she needs is for her things to have water damage.

Avalon put her equipment down and sat down on the ground on the inside of the cave, exhaling and rubbing her forehead. "Can't go anywhere until it stops snowing."

Just as she began to settle into the dark cave, she heard a cooing sound. Avalon froze and felt that she wasn't alone... Avalon turned her head slightly, and saw a green figure in the shadows...

Just as she was wondering what it was, it crawled out. The creature was green with an orange underbelly and a long tail, with two stubby little wings. It was small and had spikes running down its spine. It was then that it opened its mouth and showed Avalon its rows of very dull teeth. Just then, she screamed and fell over as the creature jumped at her and onto her chest.

It began to gnaw on her nose with its dull teeth and use its dull claws to leave thin scratch marks on her chest through her shirt. She let out a loud growl of pain as she grabbed it by its midsection and lifted it off her face.

"What the hell are you?" She shouted out as the creature squawked and it made her drop it.

The little thing grabbed a hold of her pantleg and began to climb up it and on her backside and up her back. She let out another shout of fright and fell backwards out of the cave. Her heart was beating faster than ever as it crawled up in between her legs and rubbed against her inner calf.

Avalon was trying her best to identify the creature in front of her but it didn't match anything in her mind... She kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking... Until suddenly- _"On the screens was a picture of a dragon's skeleton. It had a pretty small body, because of it's small wings, and a little head."_

Avalon gasped at the memory and stared at the creature again. "No way..."

The dragon chirped again and jumped forward on her stomach and tried to bite her face again. This time, Avalon screamed. But much, much louder.

The high pitched shrill of terror was enough to make birds fly off and the stone walls to shake.

~Meanwhile~

Off in the distance of the forests was a young man in leather bound armor. He had shaggy chocolate brown hair and a little scar on the left of his chin. And with striking green eyes that could make any girl melt at his feet. And with one real leg, but one made from wood and metal, of his own design.

And next to him was a great, shiny black beast with large wings and a long tail with fins at the end. One was a real tailfin, the other artificial, wires and strings attached to a metal stirrup that hooked up to a saddle on its back above its wings but before its short neck.

The young man's name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and the beast next to him was named Toothless.

Hiccup looked towards his loyal companion and gave him a smile. "Good flying there, bud. But next time... Try and avoid the trees." He remarked before picking a leaf from his hair. Toothless gave a snort of approval towards him and purred as he scratched the beast behind his ears.

A few minutes went by like this, just staring off towards the skies as it snowed on the both of them.

Just as Hiccup was about to speak again, something made him shut his mouth. He heard a very loud scream off in the distance. He stared up at the skies before looking at Toothless who's ears perked up at the shriek.

"Let's go, bud! Someone's in trouble." Hiccup jumped into the saddle without a second thought, his prosthetic leg attaching to the metal stirrup. He opened up the artificial red tailfin and the dragon took to the skies, following the loud noise.

As it turns out, it was at the cove, where they had become friends. The two landed just outside of the cove, Hiccup jumping off the saddle and heading for the edge of the cove. He looked down and suddenly saw a girl.

Her hair was in a high ponytail, with pink streaks, which fascinated him greatly. She wore tight pants and a tight black shirt as she stood on top of a boulder with a stick. And she was holding it against... A terrible terror?

Hiccup stared as the little dragon tried to get to her again but she swung the stick at it. "Get back! Back off, hell spawn! You are not real!" She shouted, taking a defensive stance. The terrible terror let out a soft coo and tried to get to her again, only this time, he flew up and pounced on her, knocking the stick from her hands.

The girl shrieked as she hit the ground behind the boulder and the terror licked away at her face and gnawed on her nose again.

"Agh! Get off of me!" She shouted before pushing it off and running towards the pile of fabric objects and picking up a sort of stick like object with three edges. "Get. Back." She growled again. This time, the terror let out a soft whimper and backed away from her, its wings falling towards the ground and looking down, a sorrowful expression on its face.

The little dragon was only trying to make friends, and this girl was fighting against it.

Hiccup chuckled to himself as he slid on his helmet, pulling down the front of the mask and made his way down the cove's walls. He finally made it to the ground and began to make his way around the walls of the cove and finally snuck behind this mystery girl, slowly approaching her.

He thought he could talk to her without her noticing him, but he was wrong. She turned around immediately and swung the wooden thing at his head. It struck Hiccup on the side of his helmeted skull, making him fall over and onto his side.

He groaned loudly and his hand went to the side of his helmet where there was now a dent

The girl realized what she had done and dropped the weapon before gasping and kneeling down. "Oh, my goodness! I am so-" She was cut off with a loud roar and suddenly was pounced on. Toothless loomed over the girl that was now on her back and held down by his giant paws and claws.

His teeth bared as he glared into her eyes. The girl stared up at the dragon, her heart thudding and her head pounding... No words left her mouth. Only soft and short pants. Sweat ran down her temples and she twisted under his hold.

Just as Toothless let out a hiss, his lips flaring up and exposing more of his teeth, he smelt something... It was blood. The girl has been wounded already.

He sniffed slightly and knew the blood was coming from her neck. He

pressed his nose to the crook of her neck and sniffed gently. And that's when she snapped. The girl let out a loud, high pitched shriek and managed to move his paw enough before jumping up and running from the two of them.

But she tumbled in the snow and slipped, falling down on the ground. But she continued to try and get away, crawling away from the great beast and the young man, into the caves and curling up in the fetal position, shivering, not from the cold, but from fear.

Hiccup rose from the ground and continued to rub his head as Toothless snarled and made his way towards the cave, ready to attack the girl again. "No, Toothless, stop!" Hiccup said, jumping in front of Toothless and holding out his hands. "It was an accident... She was scared..." He said to the dragon who hissed and finally backed away.

Hiccup walked inside the cave slowly and heard her soft sobbing as he got closer and closer. She was muttering to herself as she shivered in fear.

"It's just a dream... It's only a dream... It can't be real... It's not real." It made Hiccup a little uneasy as he saw her shiver in fear.

"Hey..." Hiccup knelt down to her and placed his hand on her back, making her scream and jump up, backing away from him.

"Hey, it's okay!" Hiccup said to her. But she didn't like that he was trying to get closer to her so she ran past him and into the light.

"I don't want to hurt you!" He promised her. She didn't stop running until she fell again, staring up as Hiccup groaned before removing his helmet. That's when the girl stopped shivering in fear.

She looked up at him and gave him a strange look. "Mr. Haddens?" She spoke softly.

Hiccup gave her a quizzical look. "Haddens? No, my last name is Haddock." He knelt down and held out his hand. "Hiccup 'Horrendous' Haddock." He said with a small laugh. She stared at his hand before sliding hers inside. "Haddock... Right."

He helped her up to her feet and then heard a loud hiss. Toothless got closer and closer to the girl and it made her turn Hiccup around and hide behind him, shivering in fear. "Make it go away!" Was all she said, holding onto his shoulders in defense. "Toothless, calm down... She didn't mean it." Hiccup said.

The dragon backed away but still glared at her.

"That isn't... A dragon..." The girl whimpered. "It's a dragon." Hiccup responded.

"But, that's impossible! There's no such thing!"

"Dragons have been around for hundreds of years. Where have you been?" Hiccup said, laughing at her lack of knowledge. She pushed him away from her and ran to the pile of stuff, that must have belonged

to her. But shouted out as the little terror from earlier jumped out of one of the things, carrying a shiny silver box.

"Hey!" The terror chortled and ran away with the thing in its mouth. "Gimme that!" The girl began to chase the terror around, seeing it spread its wings and fly around the cove.

"This is not funny, that's a month's work! Drop it!" She hissed as she jumped and grabbed the terror by the tail and climbed on it, holding the little thing in between her legs as she pried its mouth open and took the device back.

"You don't touch. My camera!" She jumped up and ran back to her stuff, putting the thing back inside and picking up her bags, sliding all three of them on her shoulder.

"OK... How do I get out of here?" She looked around.

"I think I can help with that." Hiccup suggested. The girl turned around, her ponytail whipping her in the face as she did so.

All she did was smirk at him. "And... I suppose you would want something in return?" Hiccup laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe two things."

"And what would that be?" She crossed her arms over her chest.

"Well, I'd like an apology for hitting me in the head."

"Right... Uh, sorry. You startled me, that was uncalled for." Finally, Toothless began to stop growling at this and he stepped forward slightly towards the girl.

"And... I'd settle for your name." Hiccup said, smiling at her. The girl couldn't help but smile back.

"Avalon. My name is Avalon."

End
file.